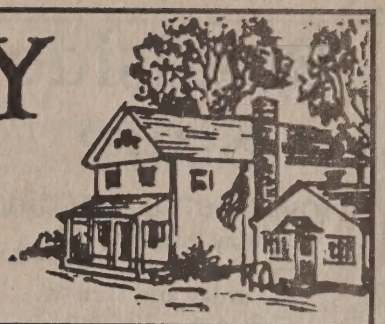
MONTEREY NEWS



NOVEMBER 1993

THE TOWN

At 8 p.m. on Monday, September 27, the Board of Selectmen met with residents of New Marlborough Road, Harmon Road, and Wallace Hall Road to discuss plans for the future improvement of New Marlborough Road. The meeting was attended by Highway Superintendent Don Amstead, William Brockman, Tim Burke, Wayne Dunlop, John Jefferson, Ann McGinley, Lewis Scheffey, John Sellew, Barbara Swann, Edith Wilson, and Michael and Lillian Wright. Selectman Peter Brown outlined plans for two sections of the road: Route 23 to Wellman Road, and south of Wellman Road. Route 23 to Wellman requires construction and excavation, as well as time to settle before the surface is paved. The section south of Wellman Road is in much better condition and will require less time and money to improve, but work should be done as soon as possible. The major construction is planned for a stretch of about 250 ft. at the approach to Route 23, where road elevation will be increased with fill. John Sellew explained to the Board that he and Wayne Dunlop have been delegated to represent the group of area residents and meet with the Selectmen to work out a mutually satisfactory road improvement program. Highway Superintendent Don Amstead said he would prepare a profile of the road over the next few months, and the Board will meet again with the representatives to review the plans.

In an update on repairs to the basement of the Town Offices, the Selectmen reviewed three bids for the replacement of the oil burner, as follows: Charles W. Agar, Inc. of Gt. Barrington, $3,500; Agway Energy Products of Lee, $3,750; William Perotti & Sons, Inc. of East Canaan, Connecticut, $7,877.84. The bid was awarded to Charles W. Agar, Inc. The Board also discussed the carpentry and plumbing work to be done, and met with contractor Bruce

TOM ROSENTHAL

Nancy Sale and Roy Umland, visitors from San Francisco, riding out to the open house at Rawson Brook Farm in Eric Pedersen's buggy drawn by his Belgian "Ranger".

Roadside Store

Now open every day!
Monday through Friday
7:30 am. - 4:00 pm.
Saturday and Sunday
8:30 am. - 2:30 pm.

*Delicious Hot Breakfasts
*Weekday Lunch Specials
*Wonderful Baked Goods
*Farm Fresh Eggs
*Pure Maple Syrup

Route 23, Monterey
528-2633

Part of the Gould Farm Family

WAYNE DUNLOP

Christoph and Stephanie Stucker cut jack-o'-lanterns at Gould Farm's Harvest Festival.

Kiwi Services

For that kind of service you always wanted but never got. I care about you and your home and the job I do.

Home Improvements & Repairs
Painting, Interior & Exterior
Carpentry, Sheetrocking
Wallpapering & Tiles
Excellent References
Fully Insured
No Job too Small.
Sheep Shearing

(413) 528-6541
Shravan Neill

Amstead, hired in connection with the oil burner replacement and the relocation of the kitchen and bathroom.

The Selectmen met with Police Chief Gareth Backhaus to discuss various matters, including the method of payment for "outside police" working town road details for utility companies, etc. Selectman Peter Brown is opposed to paying such individuals as town employees. Payment under the IRS 1099 would avoid payroll deductions. Selectmen Chair Georgiana O'Connell will consult Town Counsel to determine the proper procedure.

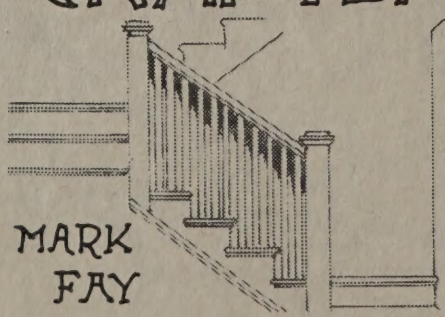
The Selectmen received a letter from the Board of Assessors advising that Hans Kessler has resigned from that Board. The Assessors recommended the appointment of Michael Banner to fill the post vacated by Kessler, and the Selectmen voted unanimously to appoint Banner an Assessor until the May 7, 1994 town election.

The Selectmen also voted unanimously to appoint Christopher Blair of Blue Hill Road to the Conservation Commission for a term ending June 30, 1996. Blair's appointment fills the vacancy created by the resignation of Ellen Pearson.

The Selectmen established a Capital Highway Improvement Committee to confer with the Highway Department on road improvement and reconstruction issues, and voted unanimously to appoint Peter Brown, Ray Tryon, and Dean Amidon to it. Peter Brown said he will serve as liaison to the Board of Selectmen. Brown also noted that he is pleased that the town has such expertise on a volunteer committee.

— Maggie Leonard

THE BERKSHIRE CRAFTSMAN



- ADDITIONS & RENOVATIONS
- FINE FINISH CARPENTRY
- DESIGN SERVICES

MARK FAY
258-4037

FISHER ASSOCIATES

CHRISTOPHER BLAIR
RESIDENTIAL + COMMERCIAL
DESIGN + PLANNING
PROJECT MANAGEMENT

P.O. BOX 426
GREAT BARRINGTON, MA 01230
(413) 528-4960

WAYNE DUNLOP

Roger and Del Tryon setting posts as work gets underway to expand the pavilion behind the firehouse for an improved ice skating rink, which will be ready for use this winter.
Donations to this largely volunteer project may be made to:
"Berk. Taconic Fndn.—Monterey Rink Fund"
and mailed to:
Monterey Rink Fund, Box 426, Monterey, MA 01245

RINK TALK

The posts are all in,
The asphalt is coming.
The Monterey Rink
Is off and it's running.

The roof and the siding
Are next to take place,
Then joining of buildings
To create a great space.

The water lines are all dug
With hydrants in place.
Ice making will be done
At a much faster pace.

$30,000 is our goal,
$30.000 we will find.
As for those not yet a-giving,
Don't be left behind.

Much thanks to the many
Who, while doing their part,
sent support for the rink,
And did so from the heart.

— Wayne Dunlop

HEALTH FAIR SUCCESSFUL

A grand total of 122 people from fourteen Massachusetts towns took advantage of the South County Health Fair held in Monterey the first Saturday in October. Screening tests for a variety of potential health problems were offered free of charge. Further health checks were recommended to more than forty of those attending, due to conditions such as elevated blood pressure, blood sugar, and cholesterol, hearing and dental problems, and possible skin cancers. The Health Fair, regular checkups, and preventive medicine all go hand in hand.

The Fair this year was sponsored by the Monterey Board of Health and the Visiting Nurse Association of Berkshire County, and it was open to residents of all South County towns. Cora Cooney was the VNA liaison. VNA nurses took blood pressure, and Ann Marie Hamm of Fairview Hospital handled all the cholesterol screening.

Many Montereyans made the Fair possible, including Bob Rausch, Cynthia Weber, Leonard Weber, and Muriel Lazzarini, who brought her crucial computer and organizational skills. They are all members of Monterey's Council on Aging. Chief Ray Tryon and the Monterey Fire Company made their facilities available and helped during the day. Mark Amstead, Doug Baker, Mick Burns, Wayne Dunlop, John Humphrey, John Sellew, and Jim Thomas all helped set up. Bill and Jane Bohn, Ann Marshall, Susan McAllester, Margaret Pasche, Mary Ward, and Betty and Nick Wool were at the registration tables to keep the record and move things along. The Monterey Grange provided lunch, coffee, and snacks. Leonard Weber made posters. Others put up signs and helped with publicity. It was a big undertaking, and we thank you all.

Perhaps the Health Fair will move throughout South County, from one town to another in succeeding years. It's a worthwhile event, and rotating sponsorship might serve to broaden support. I'll bring up this possibility at the next Regional Selectmen's Meeting.

— Gige O'Connell, Chair
Monterey Board of Health

BUYING? SELLING?

WILLIAM BROCKMAN
REAL ESTATE
FIDDLETOP • MONTEREY • MASSACHUSETTS 01245
413 - 528-4859

Country homes and estates, vacation homes, weekend retreats, building sites and acreage

William Brockman, GRI
John Jefferson David Walker-Price

New York • Massachusetts • Connecticut

CORASHIRE
REALTY

Nancy Dinan,
Broker
Office: 413-528-0014

Deborah & Rick
Mielke
413-528-0864
413-528-1871

FAX: 413-528-4809

MOUNTAIN TRAILS
Bed & Breakfast

John and Maureen Congdon
Rt. 23, Monterey, Mass. 01245
(413) 528-2928

Always Call Benchmark

For personal, professional
real estate services.

BENCHMARK REAL ESTATE

Monterey Office 528-9595
Otis Office 269-4089

Nancy Kalodner, GRI Broker
Candice Piretti, GRI
John Piretti, Assoc.

COMMUNITY DINNER

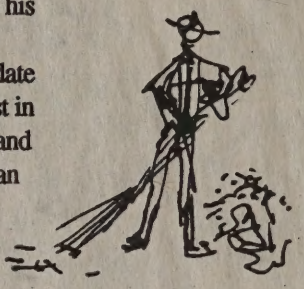
The October Community Dinner took us to Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia via Dick Reseska's wonderful slides, which were nearly life-sized. Dick's story of his three years as a lay missionary in Latin America made for a remarkable evening. We were indeed fortunate to have Dick share his interests and talents with us.

Wednesday, November 10, is the date of the next Community Dinner, the last in 1993 (no dinners are held in December and January). Donna Burkhart is arranging an evening of poetry. Last year we had a poetry reading with Nathan Smith, Eleanor Kimberly, and MaryKate Jordan. It provided a relaxing respite from our over-busy lives, and we look forward to Donna's program. That's the second Wednesday evening in November at 6:30 in the Church Social Room.. Bring some food and a friend!

— Gige O'Connell

FLU CLINIC HELD

Fifty-eight people received free flu shots at a clinic held on October 19 in the Town Offices in the center of Monterey. Cora Cooney, who is a registered nurse and the Monterey liaison to the Berkshire VNA, gave the injections. She also signed up those interested in a pneumonia vaccination. She will call these people in six to eight weeks to let them know the date, and to be sure they have checked with their doctors.



Originally it was thought that the pneumonia vaccine provided lifetime immunization, but now injections are recommended at intervals of six to eight years.

— Gige O'Connell

"Why must YOU always take the LION'S share?"

413-528-2715
LICENSED and INSURED
RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL
Old Work a Specialty
ELECTRICIAN
ED SEPANSKI
Monterey, MA 01245-0662 MASS. LIC. E32003

Telephone: (413) 258-4887
24 Hour Answering Service
Covering Southern Berkshire
and Surrounding Area

Munson Satellite TV

Satellite & TV Antenna Systems
Installed & Repaired

Hubbard Rd. HC 66 Box 71
GEORGE MUNSON Sandisfield MA 01255

CHILDREN'S HEALTH

We are grateful to volunteers, staff, local businesses, and exhibitors who helped to make the first arts and crafts show, Hands at Work, successful. We added $1,200 to the budget for Family Support Services, which includes the Parent-to-Parent Volunteer Program and the Parent-Child Playgroup network. Special thanks to St. Peter's Parish for the use of the center on East Street.

A parent's meeting on immunizing your children will be held at Fairview Hospital on November 17, 6:30-8 p.m. in the first floor conference room. Dr. Marilyn Popstefangia will discuss the continuing threat of infectious diseases, and the reasons for immunization. This meeting is sponsored by MACONY Pediatrics, Children's Health Program, and Fairview Hospital as a service to parents in South Berkshire County.

We are pleased to announce that the Sandisfield Parent-Child Playgroup has begun. Stacy Field is the leader. The group meets on Fridays, 10 a.m.-12 noon at the Library/Community Center on Route 57 in Sandisfield. Please remember that families are invited to attend any playgroups that fit their schedules. If transportation is a problem, contact Claudette or Wendy at 528-9311. Playgroups are free, funded mainly by Berkshire United Way.

We plan a turkey party at the Housatonic Parent-Child Playgroup on November 22 at 9:30 a.m. This group meets at the Calvary Christian Chapel on Route 41 north of Great Barrington. We will hold holiday parties at many playgroup sites during the year so families have a chance to see the different places.

Winter approaches, so parents will be seeking winter clothing for children. There are several consignment shops and secondhand clothing stores in the Great Barrington area: Community Services (Castle Street); This and That Shop (Main Street); Red Light, Green light (Route 7 across from the Price Chopper); Stephen's Kitchen (Route 7); Treasure Barn (Route 7 next to Hickory Bill's). Perhaps some clothing exchanges can take place in the playgroups, if parents are willing.

Fuel assistance is available. There are income guidelines, so call Community Services at 528-1947 for information.

— Claudette Callahan

THE BIDWELL HOUSE

The Bidwell House closed for the season on October 11, and we are pleased to report a 54% increase in attendance this year, thanks to increased publicity, successful educational events, and group tours.

It's been a great season for the museum, and we thank the people of Monterey for supporting us. By now each of you has received a letter encouraging you to become a member of The Bidwell House. Members receive free admission to the house during the season, an invitation to our holiday open house party, discounts on all our education events, and the newsletter twice a year. Most important, members help preserve and maintain this historic site for the enjoyment and education of future generations.

Although the holidays are still far off, we hope you will mark December 4 and 5 on your calendars. Our members-only open house party is on Saturday, December 4, 2-5 p.m. Members get a sneak preview of the beautiful holiday decorations, as well as scrumptious treats prepared by Bidwell House volunteers. On Sunday, December 5, 12 noon-4 p.m., the museum will be open to the public for tours. Admission is $4 for adults, $3 for seniors, and $2 for children. Come get in the holiday spirit at Bidwell House!

— Lisa Simpson

CONDOS TO CASTLES

HEBERT REALTY INC.

Linda Rabiner Hebert
Broker, GRI, CRS, CRB

Jenifer House Commons, Great Barrington, MA 01230
40 Housatonic Street, Lee, MA 01238
Route #23, Monterey, MA 01245
Bus: (413) 528-4880/243-3405
Res: (413) 528-3440
Fax: (413) 528-5654

MLS

SERVING MONTEREY SINCE 1955

MONTEREY MASONRY, INC.

- CUSTOM BRICK, STONE, AND STUCCO WORK
- SPECIALIZING IN 18th AND 19th CENTURY RESTORATION
- RUMFORD FIREPLACES
- CHIMNEYS REPAIRED AND REBUILT
- FIELDSTONE WALLS
- GARDEN TERRACES AND STEPS
- STONE AND BRICK PAVING
- CUT STONE SETTING
- CERAMIC TILE WORK
- LIME PLASTER

EXPERIENCED AND INSURED

MARK MENDEL 413-528-4136
BOX 343, MONTEREY, MASS. 01245

The Bidwell House about 1900, showing cow and horse barns, stone wall pens, and cleared field.

LOCAL HISTORY NOTES

It is one of the joys of my position as Director of The Bidwell House that I get to be a perpetual student, learning all I can about the history of New England in order to pass it along. Currently I am taking a course at Old Sturbridge Village called "Reforming Society, 1800-1860," offered by the Bay State Historical League, and funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

In our first class, we studied the dramatic economic changes that occurred early in the nineteenth century, reading selections from *The Roots of Rural Capitalism, Western Massachusetts, 1780-1860*, by Christopher Clark. We typically think of the farmer in the 1800s as being self-sufficient, growing food and making goods enough to meet the family needs, all on the farm. It's not exactly true. Farmers depended for survival on a system of barter with their neighbors and, later, with the general store. Nineteenth century people had little need for cash. Cash for large-scale purchases (such as land) was borrowed personally, at no interest, on long terms, with bartered goods or services the common form of repayment. Debts were rarely collected all at once. The death of a creditor was a customary occasion for this, which explains the long list of debtors to Reverend Bidwell who paid up when he died in 1784.

After the American Revolution, inflation and increasing population drove up the price and value of farmland, and New England farmers had to find new ways to survive in changing circumstances. Some moved west, where huge areas of fertile land were still unsettled, but not the majority. Some of those who stayed found the resources to acquire more land at high prices, which they farmed more intensively, while others acquired new manufacturing skills to replace or supplement their farming.

Adonijah Bidwell, Jr inherited eighty acres of land and a good bit of cash from his father in 1784. He bought surrounding acreage to create a 300-acre dairy farm, used his livestock to help clear and fertilize his marginal lands, which eventually became a source of grain for the farm. He built three barns, an ice house, a cider mill, and a blacksmith shop, as well as other outbuildings. Bidwell's wealth allowed him to carry on what was essentially eighteenth century farming: production on his farm was able to meet most of the basic needs of his family, and any excess could be exchanged locally for goods and services, perhaps also occasionally for cash in the marketplace.

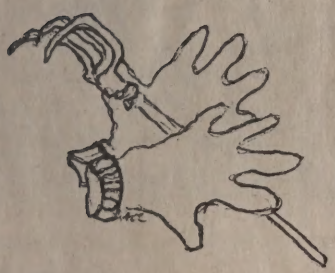
Small scale manufacturing developed as household enterprise in the early nineteenth century. The making of textiles, brooms, tools, woodenware, shoes, etc. was done at home by the family, often during the season when farmwork was less demanding. Products were sometimes sold in distant markets, but more often locally traded for goods and services the family was unable to provide for itself. Saw and grist mills, often owned by business partners rather than family members, were common exceptions to this rule.

This household manufacturing system restrained the development of a wage labor force. Farm work for wages was done only seasonally and on a small scale. True capitalist enterprise, dependent on full-time wage labor, did not develop until the middle 1800s. Family-based farming and manufacturing combined with a system of local barter gave New Englanders a sense of individual independence along with a feeling for the value of a cooperative "neighborhood." This economy had served the colonies and early Republic well. It was strong, and difficult to displace, but eventually population pressure on the land and competition from Midwestern agriculture drove more and more people, including the many new immigrants, to large scale factory work for their living.

Three of Adonijah Bidwell, Jr's sons inherited land and became farmers in this area, and no doubt continued small-scale manufacturing in their homes. One of them, John Devotion Bidwell, also became a tanner and cobbler. His account books are part of the Bidwell House archives, and we believe his tannery was near Carrington-Battelle and Beartown Mountain Roads. Two sons went to college and eventually practiced law and medicine.

John Devotion Bidwell sold the farm out of the family in the 1850s. One of his sons became a doctor, and the other, Marshall Spring Bidwell, owned Lake Farm in Monterey. His daughters married professional men or farmers with their own land. The rural economy had changed dramatically, as can be seen in the history of the property and the choices family members made in their efforts to derive a living from the land.

— Lisa Simpson



Gardens by Design
(413) 269-7162
Growing . . . thanks to you.

Field & Forest Reclamation
Efficient Removal of Rocks, Roots, Brush, Saplings and Stumps: Overgrown fields and pastures restored for planting to conservation status
M.M. G-1000 Ripper-Disc Equipment
J. Owen 528 - 2095

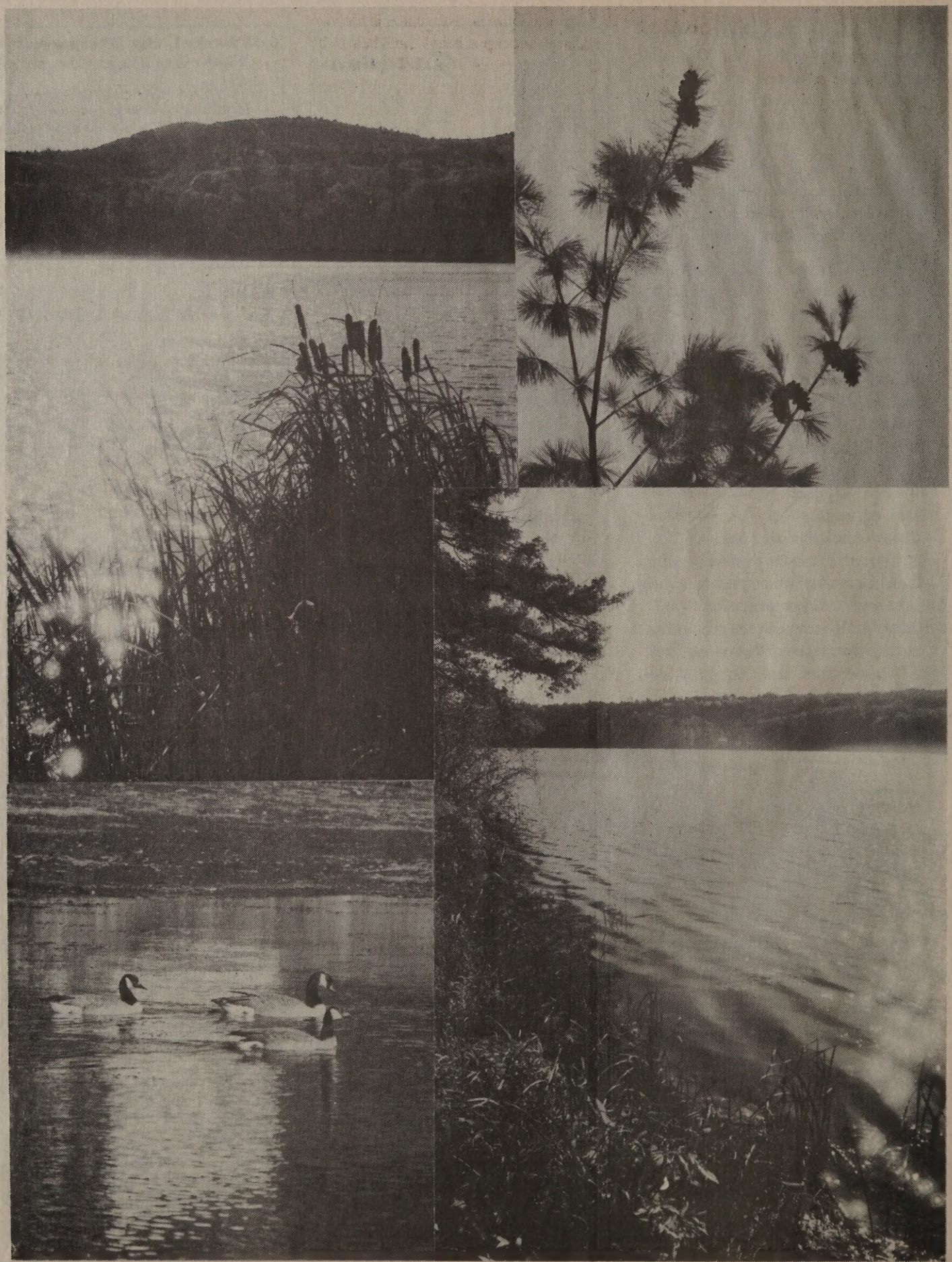
THE SEWING BOUTIQUE

- Zippers
- Leather & Suede & Canvas
- Quilt Covers
- Pillows & Dust Ruffles
- Cushion Covers
- Cornices
- Custom Draperies
- Repairs

Ginette Morrissey
Seamstress
1-800-421-5932

MAGGIE LEONARD

Looking west across the basin of Lake Garfield, drawn down for winter, toward Livermore Peak.



MONTEREY SERVICE SHARES

Monterey Service Shares has been meeting to discuss the concept of people helping each other with small tasks, as well as broader ideas for community self-help.

Some communities have formed local "currency" based on hours of work. The currency allows hours to be spent instead of dollars at participating businesses, such as movie theaters, restaurants, dentists, hardware stores, etc. This stimulates the local economy by keeping money and energy in the area, and by providing some economic independence in the event that federal economies fail. We have seen a modified version of this at the Monterey General Store, and at Taft Farms and The Deli in Great Barrington, which all sell discounted purchasing certificates—currency—during the winter for redemption during the busy summer season, as a means of balancing the cash flow.

Our present focus is Monterey. We're looking for ways to help each other out right here, while keeping the above ideas in mind. We urge anyone interested in building on this community sharing, and perhaps developing more local economic independence, to join us. We meet several times a month on Sundays. For information, call me at 528-3974.

In the spirit of sharing, Martin and Carol Zarlin of Hupi Road have donated four gallons of Benjamin Moore house paint to anyone who needs it. It is light beige, flat finish, exterior latex paint. If you want it, call me at 528-3974.

If you'd like to participate in Service Shares (see coupon below), and help or be helped with some small task, please call 528-9636 between the hours of 8:30 and 9:30 a.m., Monday through Friday.

— Angie Sherrard

MONTEREY GRANGE

Apple Festival was the theme for the meeting on October 6, which included unusual apple recipes, all about apples, and apple refreshments. Judges were Myrtle Mercier and Irene Edwards from Stockbridge Grange No. 295. Winners were Anne Vickerman for her apple muffins, Florence Janes for her apple crisp, Charles Knight for his apple pudding, and Mary Wallace for her apple pie.

Members recently marched in the high falutin' Farm Parade in Great Barrington, and the Grange sponsored a snack bar at the South County Health Fair. Everyone thanks the Monterey Fire Company for the use of their facilities.

Pirate Bingo was the program for the meeting on October 20; Alice Shaffer and Charles Knight were in charge of refreshments.

Lecturer Mary Wallace will represent the Monterey Grange No. 291 at the Massachusetts State Grange Convention in Leominster, October 27-30.

Members have tickets to sell for the fund raiser on November 17. Next meeting is November 3, when the program will be Veterans' Day and give thanks. Members are asked please to bring groceries for the fund raiser box, and the fund raiser tickets they have sold.

Monterey Grange No. 291 will host the Berkshire South Pomona No. 25 on November 10. This meeting will be held at the hall of Umpachene Grange No. 269 on Route 57 in Hartsville, due to repairs underway on the hall in Monterey. The program will be Thanksgiving.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

Mad Scot
Small Engine Repair

Lawn Mowers
Tractors
Tillers
Chain Saws
Snowblowers

Many years' experience on all types of small engines.

Chains and blades sharpened.

Don Clawson
Box.26
Monterey 01245

Pickup and delivery.
Local service.
Reasonable rates.

(413) 528-3257

Yes, I will participate in the Monterey Service Shares!

I could offer the following services: _____

_____

I may want help with: _____

_____

AVAILABILITY:

	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
Morn							
After							
Eve							

FLEXIBLE: Time of day _____ Day of week _____
(check one or both above if needed)

mail to: Service Shares, P.O. Box 176, Monterey, MA 01245

Name _____

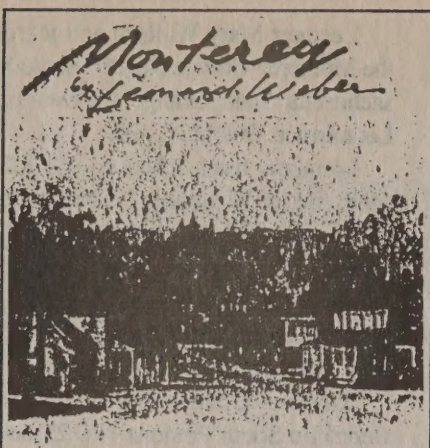
_____

Address _____

_____

_____

Telephone _____



A limited edition TOWNSCAPE print,
$75 plus $3. shipping.
HAYLOFT GALLERY, Monterey Stage,
Box 11, Great Barrington, Ma. 01230
(413) 528-1806

MONTEREY

GENERAL STORE

Serving Monterey
for over 200 years

Route 23, Monterey
528-4437
Open 7 days
a week

CHICKADEE
Hair Design

specializing in
precision cuts for
men • women • children
also
CUSTOM PERMS • COLOR
for appointment call
229-3636
Prop. Bonnie Walsh Compeglio
CORNER RTE 7 & MAPLE AVE
SHEFFIELD

CHURCH NEWS

Once again the Monterey Church will hold an international craft fair during the Thanksgiving holiday. This is the third year for the event that literally turns the Church Social Room into an international marketplace of distinctive and reasonably priced handicrafts. The sale will include ornaments, jewelry, baskets, wooden flutes, marbleware, fabrics and other items.

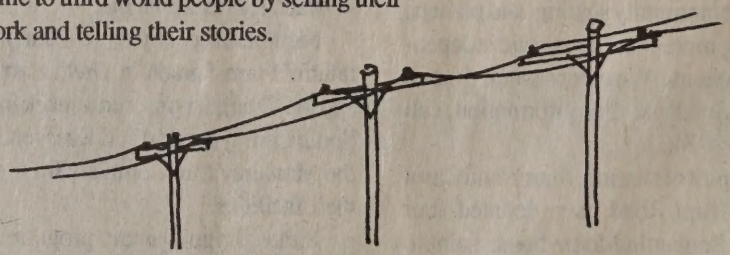
Doors will be open on Friday and Saturday, November 26 and 27, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., and on Sunday, November 28, 12 noon-4 p.m. This is a chance to shop for holiday gifts at good prices, and provide income for the craftspeople of Bangladesh, India, the Philippines, Kenya, and other third world countries. Read on for more information about how this program works.

For more than forty-five years, SELFHELP Crafts of the World has linked talented craftspeople in the third world with caring consumers throughout North America. SELFHELP Crafts is a nonprofit marketing program of the Mennonite Central Committee. It provides vital, fair income to third world people by selling their work and telling their stories.

Many of the Philippines' sixty-five million people are poor. In addition to poverty, the Philippines is troubled by severe deforestation, enormous international debt, political opportunism, and a continuing war with the New People's Army. The average peasant is caught in the middle of this catastrophe. In the traditional system of the Philippines, basket weavers may not earn enough to provide their families with three good meals a day. SELFHELP Crafts works directly with the weavers and producers to help them establish a selling price based on actual costs and a decent return on their labor. SELFHELP Crafts provides immediate, fair payment for baskets and vital cash advances toward the purchase of raw materials.

Proceeds from the Monterey sale help bring hope to artisans in the Philippines and other countries by providing a sales outlet for their crafts. Last year we raised almost $4,000. We hope you'll be part of this exciting event that helps others, and gives deeper meaning to the spirit of the Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, and Christmas season.

— Cliff Aerie



WANDER THE WORLD
International Gift Festival

Nov. 26, 27 & 28
Fri., Sat. 10-4
Sun. 12-4

MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST
Route 23, Monterey, MA

Your purchase benefits Third World craftspeople.

1.

2.

3.

AUTUMN IN EDEN

What if the Fall, the original one,
were my own
autumn in Eden?

Should I choose, now knowing choices,
these leaves of fire, amber, gold
and protesting green
the squirrel's spritely pessimism
the pheasant's claxon omen
the bittersweet's burst of heart
the frost on the pond's brown eye
or
the white-feathered pinecones
bedded amid the soft split silt of needles
the mystic swirl-whirl of conjuring tree fingers
in the October wind
or
your moist mosaic of kisses
still dearly gently warm
against my face?
Wild geese are flowing over in a far fleet aloft
high, high, at least a thousand strong.
They point in their primordial cuneiform of wings
to the dignity of instinct: detachment.

It is the Serpent's only defenc

—Alice O. Howell

TO FROSTED CORN SHOCKS

Strange witch-like creatures, withering away,
Your tattered skirts wrapped 'round your scrawny legs,
Shivering there in the bitter cold
With scarcely enough life left to feel nor care.
Your wind-blown hair criss-cross over your faces.
You who were so green and fresh in summer
Bearing the sweet corn for our homes and picnics
Now stand alone with no more than a whisper...
More like talking in your sleep than knowing
Or even caring what you might be saying.
Sleep now! Enjoy a well-earned restful slumber.

—Eleanor Kimberly

ENIGMA

My first is not in squash, it is in potato.
My second is in relish, not in pies.
My third not in celery, it is in tomato,
and my next is in nuts, but not in fries.
My fifth is in kiwi, not in avocado,
and my last is in onions, also in chives.

—Eleanor Kimberly

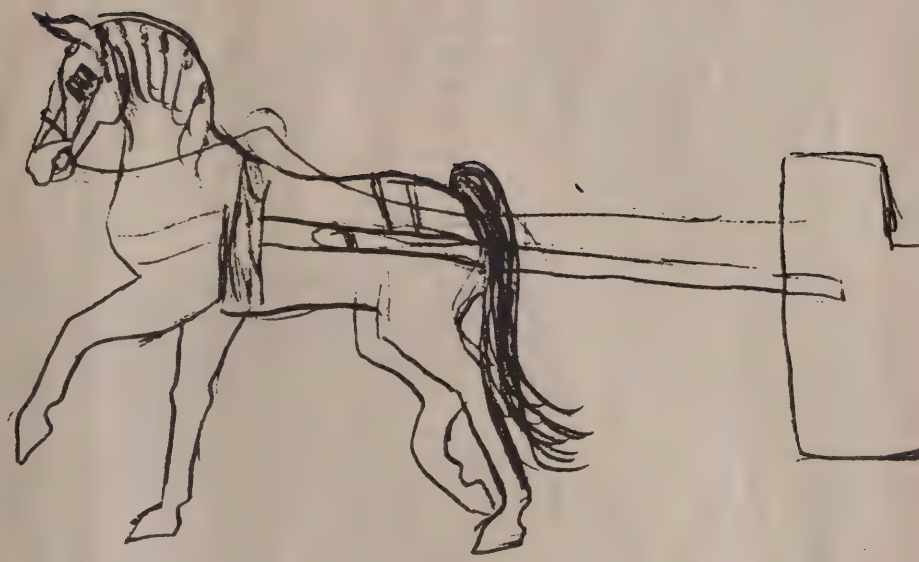
What am I?

Look for the answer hidden elsewhere in this issue.

THE MILKMAN

Upright as Penn above the city hall
in the slow hung dawn of the alley
my uncle's horse was wise. Fixed
as God he stood when the little man
pulled out his bottles and ran leaning
like a breaking wave to the back
door of the first tenement. Set down
on stone the bottles chinked the hungry
child awake to cries. Looking neither
to the right nor to the left between'
his blinkers, the horse stood silent
with the rectitude of the light pole
that rose where the alley met the day
while my uncle white-coated to his shoes
swept in and out like the tide. Then
as the man washed back from the next
to last stoop, precisely as the clocked
moon the horse broke the wagon free
of its place and stepped in soft measure
to the alley's other end in time
to meet the man just turning from the last
door. This wisdom hung beside Tinker's
glove and Eddie Leonard's tapping feet
in the gallery of my uncle's mansioned
past. In the shadows of the downstairs
closet the white Borden's coat hung
shining like Arthur's mail.

—Royal Shepard



In this year of a miraculous proliferation of apples on the
ghost orchard limning my white house
I keep encountering creatures of a small size, frogs patterned in
gold and green, sand-colored crickets
on bent, segmented legs, stick dragonflies with the enormous wingspan
of ancient aircraft
attesting as they sit on their legs quietly watching me at work to a focus
of my eyes sharp on the minute, in a proliferation
of imagery bent
within yet another dimension of being in the proliferation quasi-infinite
of being contrary to a sense generally
of an increasing precariousness
of my eye-sight
quite in keeping with the circumambient feast of fruit
on the almost gone timber of my apple trees' reaching arms
trying to escape the encroaching forest. Of course,
the multiplicity of the species
varies from year to year quite independently of changes in my eye-sight
or else, perhaps, and more likely also,
my circle is contracting.

(Anonymous)

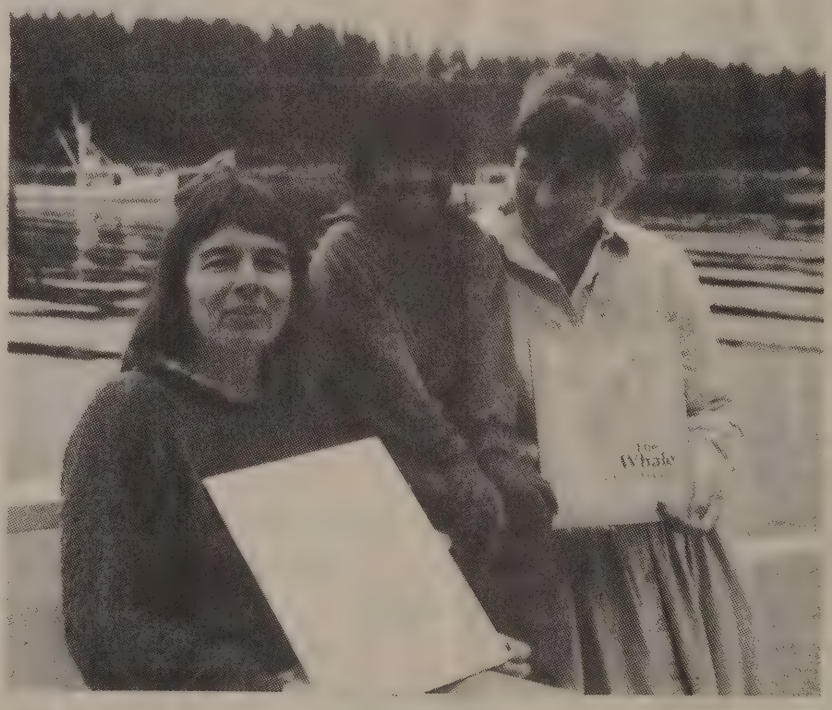
from *Time's Pickpocket*
Unversity Editions, Huntington, WV,1993
reprinted here by permission of the author.

A VISIT TO LOWELL'S COVE

Each year after Labor Day our family has the opportunity to take a three-day vacation. In 1992, my daughter Tarsi insisted that we go whale watching off Cape Cod. It was exciting! We saw finback whales right up close to the boat, while the guide filled us with whale facts, but it wasn't enough. We went straight from the boat to a bookstore, and came out with *The Whale in Lowell's Cove*, written and illustrated by Jane W. Robinson (Down East Books, Camden, Maine). It is the true story of a young humpback whale that swam into a small cove in Harpswell, Maine, and stayed for a month, attracting a great deal of attention. Local fishermen, townspeople, and experts worked together to protect her from spectators, boats, and lobster traps in the cove, and to find a way for her return to the open ocean. Tarsi loves the book; I love the book—it is full of information about whales, fishermen, human behavior, and compromise. We told Mrs. Makuc about it, and now the Monterey Library has a copy.

When September rolled around this year, we were trying to decide where to spend our three-days-away-from-the-farm, and without hesitation Tarsi suggested, or more or less stated, that we should go to Lowell's Cove. First we had to find it on the map. Luckily, it was in southern Maine, not much farther away than Provincetown. The Chamber of Commerce recommended a place (just one, although we learned later that there were others) called Little Island Motel, boasting nine units and decks overlooking the water. When our confirmation came in the mail, it included a picture postcard of a place familiar to us from an illustration in the book. The excitement was building.

Four days before we were to leave, I gave in to an idea that had been with me all week. "Oh, what the heck," I said to myself. "Why not?" I wrote to the author, telling her how much we admired her book, how it had inspired a trip to Lowell's Cove, what a gift her book was to us, and how we'd like to give her a gift of our goat cheese in thanks—if she was into it. Well, she was.



WAYNE DUNLOP

Wayne's portrait of Susan and Tarsi with Jane Robinson at Lowell's Cove.

There was a message waiting when we arrived at the motel: "Call Jane Robinson." She said she'd love to meet us the next afternoon, and that she'd arranged for us to meet Charlie Gilliam, the fisherman at the center of the story of the whale in Lowell's Cove.

In the morning we rowed our boat over to his wharf, and asked him a ton of questions. Many thought that the whale had fallen in love with Charlie, but he insists she loved his boat, the U-N-I (you and I). He showed Tarsi how to hypnotize a lobster, and we saw the seine net he uses to trap pogies in the cove. Pogies are bait fish Charlie sells to the lobstermen. Many thought the net was keeping the whale in, too, but Charlie thinks it was his boat that made her hang around so long.

Later that day, Jane Robinson stopped by the motel, and we asked her a ton of questions about the book. She told us how it grew from a local project into a book receiving national attention, recommended by *Smithsonian* magazine as a good Christmas gift for children. She said she made a commitment at the start to remain open to whatever came her way as a result of the book—like our visit—and gave Tarsi a mounted print of one of the illustrations from the book. Our own copy is now autographed, and we have an album of photos to prove to ourselves that we did spend a day with these wonderful people, and it wasn't just a dream. Jane is as warm and thoughtful as her book.

Staying there made it clear just how small Lowell's Cove is, and how miraculous it is that a whale managed to swim and frolic among all the boats and lobster traps. The woman who ran our motel said some people (she more than any) resented the hubbub the whale created. "Inconsiderate people PARKED in my driveway!" she told us.

Charlie Gilliam sings and plays guitar in a country western band, and he's written a new version of the old favorite, *There She Goes*, which he calls *The Whale of Casco Bay*.

There she goes.
She's swimmin' away,
And each flip she makes
Brings heartache my way.
She won my heari
And I guess it shows.
I'll miss her so,
There she goes...

— Susan Sellew

AD MUNDUM BOTANICUM

Starting in Amazonia, and shortly thereafter in the jungles of Ecuador and Peru, the forest fires in South America and then the rest of the world simply went out.

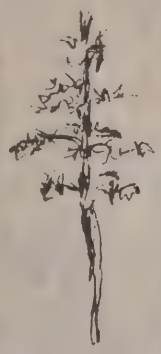
The same thing then happened to dried wood, and after that, most seriously for the human population of the world, to the fossil and botanical fuels, coal and petroleum. Something had changed in all botanical matter, living and inert, so that it would burn only with the cool fire of decay.

It was only three years later, in the laboratories of the few surviving small cities, powered by hydroelectric energy, that the nature of the change and the probable reasons for it were identified. The world's greatest biodiversity had evolved in Amazonia, and in evolving had built safeguards into its very chromosomes. Immensity and a certain quality of oxygen had been necessary; when these failed, the safeguard was triggered. Root, branch, and foliage felt the need, and a molecule changed its place. The alteration raced through the cells of that plant, and spread to its neighbors. Pollen, present everywhere in the atmosphere, was the principal carrier. The change spread across continents with the speed, literally, of the wind.

Plants once again became the dominant form of life on earth. Endless forests, savannahs, and prairies quickly claimed the land no longer inhabited by people. In the few small cities that remained, humankind, made more intelligent than ever by the calamity, sought communication and harmony with *Mundus Botanicus.*, the world of plants, and the world's other inhabitants. "Primitive" farmers, hunters, and fisherfolk also remained, and were revered for their encyclopedic knowledge of survival arts, and the rich religious intuitions that sustained them.

The human population was so reduced in those first agonizing months that when people were able to joke again, they said, "We thought it was going to be like the dinosaurs, all of us gone in a split second of geologic time, and no knowing why it happened." When the molecular biologists came up with the answer, it was: "Greed. We grabbed what we could, finally went too far, and upset the balance."

The consequence for humankind was that moral evolution began to pursue its course once more after four thousand years of entrapment by the lure of domination. The strong had dominated the weak, the rich had dominated the poor, men had dominated women, and everybody had dominated children.. From the Neolithic era on, agriculture had created wealth, and wealth had cried for more wealth, no matter how it was gained. But now that people were so scarce, *any*one was interesting and *every*one was valued. Domination ceased to occupy the human imagination, and celebration took its place. The highest standards of ethical relations, well articulated for millennia, but fallen out of practice in the big societies, became everyone's guide. It became increasingly fascinating to participate in the enlargement of the human spirit.



Concepts of property, ownership, the land, government, society, and family relations all changed. The first impulse was to share, and the second was to celebrate. There were festivals of the arts, of learning, of athletics; there were celebrations of discoveries and triumphs of invention. Solar power was added to water and animal power to bring modest comforts. But the warrior hero had disappeared, and the arbiter, the poet, and the singer of tales flourished.

The best of it was how interesting it all became. The lessons humankind had learned, including the Great Lesson from the plants, were preserved in the libraries and computer centers, and constantly taught and discussed, since everybody was eager to teach and eager to learn. Some of the cities became city states, but there were no longer any nations, and there was no sovereignty except the Sovereign Balance every child learned at its mother's knee: the harmony, carefully practiced and enjoyed, between eager, inquisitive humankind and the great, nurturing, resourceful *Mundus Botanicus.*

— David P. McAllester

P. MURKETT

No reports of tire-biting on Route 23, but it is clear that a cousin of Qussukquannutonk, the stone giant of long ago who was vanquished by the resourceful Sqoneowonnde, and whose remains sit in Parker's Cove to this day, is rising from a long sleep. He may be headed for Stevens Pond. If the present rate of motion continues, and the new giant is indeed going down to the water, Route 23 will be blocked for years, alas.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Lake Garfield, drawn down for winter, from the Town Beach.

SHEETROCK
TAPING
CARPENTRY

PAINTING
ROOFING

John Florez

(413) 528-
0898

QUALITY WORK REASONABLE RATES

JAY AMIDON PAINTING
INTERIOR/EXTERIOR
16 YEARS EXPERIENCE
(413) 528 5099

STAR RT 62 BOX 40 GT BARRINGTON MASS 01230

Professional
LANDSCAPE SERVICES
for Homes, Businesses and Estates

Roger Tryon
Lowland Farm
New Marlboro Road, Monterey
528-4091

For your yard:

Apple Trees, 2½' $75
Blue Spruce, 6-7' 60
White Spruce, 6-7' 60

We are now equipped with a tree spade to move trees on your site.

BLACK GOLD COMPOST
for your gardens - flower beds

THE OBSERVER - SEPTEMBER

Plenty of rain fell this September in Monterey. Our local total, accumulating over fourteen days on which precipitation occurred, was 5.36 inches. This is half an inch more than they had in Pittsfield, even though rain fell there on seventeen days. It is also over two inches greater than the Pittsfield monthly norm. We do not now have a Monterey statistic showing total precipitation, including snow, for the year to date, but it was a dry year going into September, and now it's statistically normal, as measured in Pittsfield. Here is the local story in numbers:

High temp (9/3)	84°
Low temp. (9/20)	35°
Avg. high temp.	70°
Avg. low temp.	52°
Avg. temp.	61°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	58.6°
Precip. occ.	14 days
Total precip.	5.36"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.52"
High bar. press. (9/14)	30.29
Low bar. press. (9/10)	29.65
High humidity (9/9)	100%
Low humidity (9/11)	70%
Avg. wind speed	11 mph
High wind gust (9/10)	50 mph

WILDLIFE SURVEY

Mammals

A coyote was spotted by Jim Materas early in the morning on October 5 at the bottom of Smith Hill on the Tyringham side. Conrad Ohman saw a large bobcat across from his driveway in mid October; it was the second one he's ever seen. Dale Duryea reports that raccoon calls have almost completely stopped. It was an event when he saw the large tracks of a healthy raccoon on the shore of Parker's Cove. Dale has seen several red foxes; Loul McIntosh saw one crossing Route 23 on October 2. There are a good dozen muskrats in Parker's Cove, and Jim Materas saw a pair swimming down Lake Garfield from the east end; he only recalls seeing one at a time before. Fran Amidon also reported a muskrat off their shore. David McAllester notes that the Fargo Swamp beaver pond is indeed rising since the lake drawdown. The beavers evidently have moved back to where they can control their own water level.

Birds

There are several heron reports. An osprey was seen by the Amidons toward the end of September. Robins are mostly gone, but sixty or seventy of them (!) suddenly made their annual appearance at Gould Farm to harvest the fruit of an ornamental cherry tree, after which they dematerialized. A pair of evening grosbeaks made *their* annual appearance at the home of Ed Salsitz on Beartown Mountain Road. A good number of geese have been stopping over on Lake Garfield, keeping well out in the middle, to the chagrin of goose hunters. On October 12 a congregation of bluejays, juncos, white-throats, chickadees, and cardinals assembled on a Gould Farm lawn for an hour, each species keeping to its own small territory. These, plus goldfinches, songsparrows, titmice, house finches, and purple finches are abundant this month. Joe Baker saw wood ducks and a winter wren (special!) at the east end of Lake Garfield.

Plants

Our several frosts have put an end to most of the flowers, except for an occa-

sional brown-eyed Susan in a sheltered spot. Several little white orchids, wide-leaved ladies' tresses, have appeared in a meadow at the east end of Hupi Road, and one very late bottled gentian, bright blue while all the others have gone to seed. Fran Amidon found fringed gentians on the Brewer Pond Trail near Tyringham Road. Conrad Ohman is concerned about the ash trees. They have been showing the effects of the severe drought several years ago; a good many have been slowly dying.

Fungi

Alice Somers reports on the October 8 meeting of the Merry Mushroomers:

Nine of us met. We looked over a chart of distinguishing features. Taking a spore print is the most important macroscopic identification. Place the mushroom cap, gills down, on a sheet of white paper; cover with a glass or jar. After a few hours, or sometimes overnight, there will be a print of the spores, which have fallen from the gills.

We compared the pinkish buff spore print of the Blewits (*lepista nuda*), a delicious edible appearing now, with the rusty brown spore print of inedible look-alikes (*cortinarius*). Joyce Scheffey and Gige O'Connell both brought specimens of the same mushroom growing on their lawns. These were *lyophyllum descastes*, an edible that tastes like fried chicken when cooked. They have white spores.

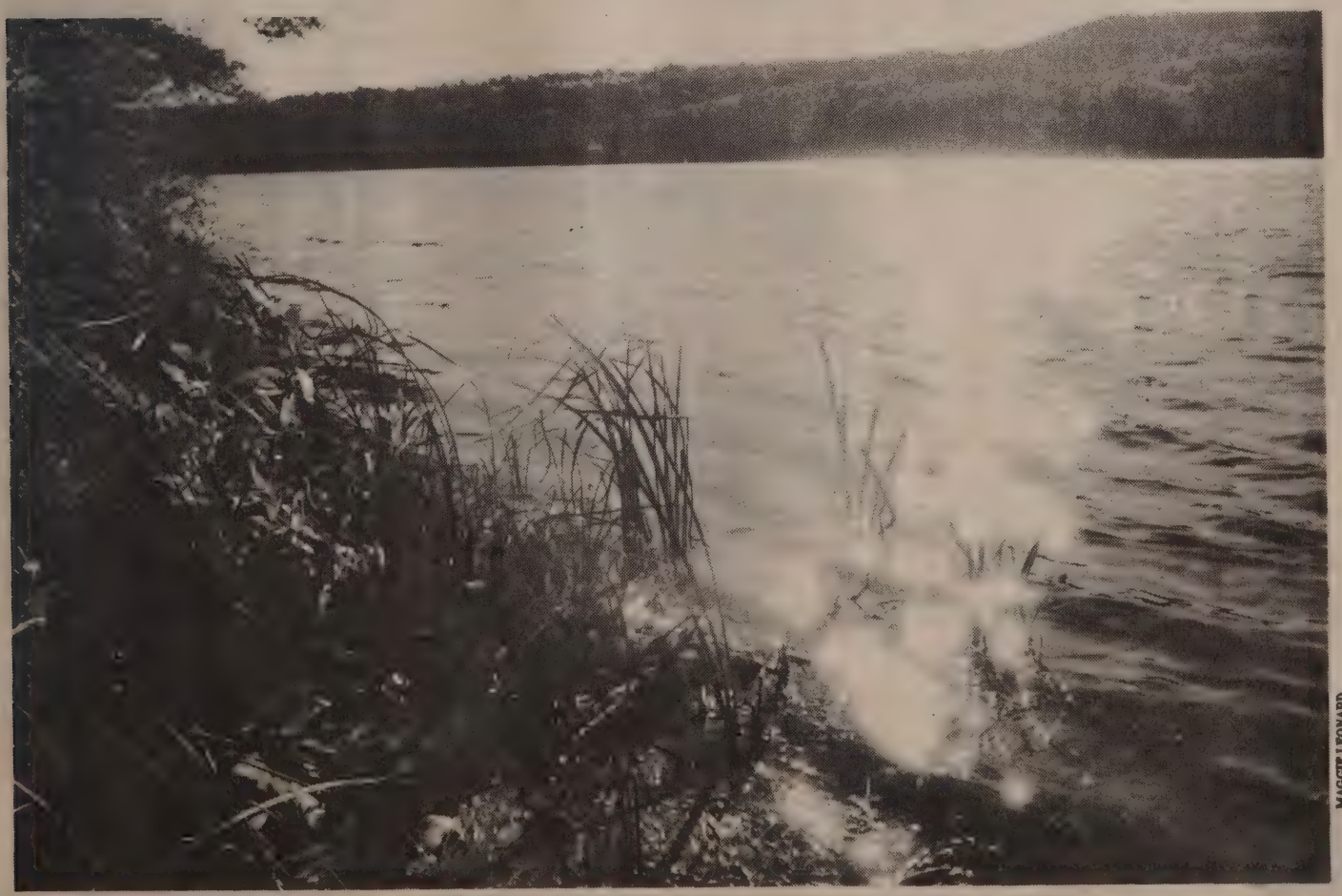
We focused on the honey mushroom (*armillaria mellea*) which is abundant after frost. Its cap ranges from tan to yellow, often with blackish hairs at the center. There is a cottony ring on the stem after the buttons open, and it grows in clusters on stumps and dying trees. The honeys have a heavy white spore print which is the definitive difference between them and the deadly *galerina autumnalis*, a small brown mushroom with a rusty brown spore print, which might possibly be confused with the honey. The honeys are considered a choice edible, and since they grow in profusion, they are often preserved for winter consumption.

We spoke of two edible mushrooms likely to be found during the winter months. The oyster, *pleurotis ostreatus*, sometimes appears during thaws. It is white gilled with white, tan, or gray caps. It grows in shelf-like clusters on deciduous trees or logs. Its spore print is white or pale lilac, and it is very delicious.

The velvet foot, *flammulina velutipes*, often fruits when snow is on the ground. It is a lovely little mushroom with yellow-orange caps, cream colored gills, and a stem which is yellowish above and velvety blackish brown at the base, growing in clusters on deciduous trees. Its spores are white. Again, this mushroom must not be confused with the deadly *galerina*, which sometimes appears in late autumn. Remember the rust brown spore print of the dangerous species.

The next gathering of the Merry Mushroomers will be in mid May, when we will zero in on the elusive morel, and perhaps go on a foray together to discover them. Happy winter! — Alice.

— David P. McAllester



MAGGIE LEONARD

From the shore of Lake Buel.

MONTEREY MAPLE
528-9385

made by Joe Baker & Bonner McAllester,
Hupi Road, Monterey, Mass.

Walsh's Auto Repair

Foreign & domestic cars

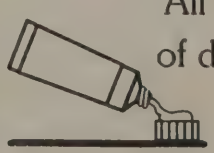
Some work done overnight

Custom pipe bending & welding

Hours: Mon-Fri 8-5, Sat 9-5
413-528-4257
Main Road, Monterey, MA 01245

ANGIE SHERRARD, M.A.
Psychotherapist
Therapy for Adults,
Adolescents and Children
Hupi Road
Monterey, MA 01245
Phone 528-3974

DR. JERROLD RAAB
Dentist



All phases of dentistry

528 - 6520
Route 23 Monterey

COLD CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES

Jackson Hole, Wyoming

Our camp is on the Gros Ventre River in Jackson Hole. It's quiet here, except for the singing of coyotes, the hiss of the lantern, and the crackle of the campfire.

This fire makes a summary of our trip so far. We are burning sagebrush from the flats by the river, gathered by the kids and me this evening as we walked out to watch the sky go pink and lavender behind the Tetons. There is also lodgepole pine from Yellowstone, which we picked up and misered away last week. This wood was burned before, in the famous fires of 1988, and we get a little sooty every time we touch it to saw or break it up.

There's juniper and limber pine from the other side of Absarokas, up the South Fork of the Shoshone River, where we camped before Yellowstone, revisiting a part of Wyoming where we lived twenty years back. That winter the elk came down when it snowed. They found shelter beside our log cabin and easy grazing in the riverbottom hay meadows.

I have knit gloves with the fingertips cut off, but tonight I don't need to wear them, thanks to this little fire with its memory-laden BTUs. Also, it's not really so cold tonight, not even freezing yet. Here in Jackson Hole, after a chilly, wet summer, people are hoping for an Indian Summer about now. But when we got to Wyoming two weeks ago, we drove right into winter.

In Buffalo, Wyoming, the radio said "snow in the mountains." This was late in the day as we started west up into the Bighorns, so we made sure we'd crossed over the pass before we began looking for a place to sleep. Powder River Pass, elevation 9,666 feet, was good and chilly, and we threw a few ceremonial snowballs made of some icy stuff on a shady bank. Then we hopped in the car, cranked up the heater, and made for Sitting Bull campground in the Bighorn National Forest.

The kids and I collected firewood, while Joe banged in tent stakes with the butt of the axe. We toasted ourselves well, and then burrowed into our goosedown for the night.

The next morning my tea froze before I'd finished it, and anything we put down on the picnic table went skating off on a heavy frosting of ice. Frost had piled up like snow on the wrinkles of our tent fly, and we had to spoon oatmeal into the kids as they sat by the fire with their heavy mittens on, unable to hold their own spoons.

Yellowstone was even colder. Our breath froze inside the tent and fell on us as we slept, and the pee bucket was iced over

by morning. Partway through the night, first one girl and then the other woke up cold. There was no whimpering, just the flat remark, "I'm too cold." So we got them in with us, and although we weren't any warmer, we were chummier.

In the morning the Coleman stove was frozen up, its little regulator needle jammed and snapped off in the jet, so we cooked over the fire. We dipped down into civilization that day to see about a replacement regulator for the twenty-five-year-old stove. I couldn't find one, but I did see a thermometer for sale, a little one to hang on jacket zippers or key chains. I thought it might be fun to buy it and then in the middle of the next amazing night we could see how cold we really were.

In a minute it hit me that this was a wrong idea. We *knew* how cold we were already! So instead we put our ingenuity to work and outsmarted the cold that night. It was just a matter of more blankets and clothes, zipping the kids together, and tucking down jackets around everyone's head and shoulders. Then, after we'd won the night and emerged as always into a perfect clear sunny day, we learned from the Old Faithful ranger that it had been fifteen degrees those nights.

I never thought I would camp out at fifteen degrees Fahrenheit. I've seen the photos in those camping catalogues of people headed out on snowshoes to camp in the snow. They go to beat the crowds, and they are loaded up with every imaginable space blanket from NASA, and miracle fabrics which have been up Everest. They look like sky-blue marshmallows in glacier goggles. I've looked at their photos, but I never for one second thought I would join them.

Now I don't know. Maybe it's not so difficult, this cold camping. Our children have never yet been camping in the summer, because we can't get a vacation then. They don't even know you can have a camp breakfast without wearing your winter hat and mittens. (I myself have childhood memories of shorts and bare feet in these mountains; I even think we were too hot now and then.)

As I think about the winter campers in the catalogues, with their ice axes and thermo-gear, I don't remember any firewood. Did they haul along a little starter-bundle from their last campsite the way we do? I just put two sticks on the fire, two small billets of oak from Monterey, loaded with BTUs from home. This is heat manufactured in the Berkshire hills by New England chlorophyll, warming me up way out here.

I can see the top of the Grand Teton by moonlight from where I sit. It glows against the night sky, cold, snowy, and handsome. Years ago I climbed up it with the best gear I could muster loaded on my back. Tonight I'm happy down here in the valley, with memories and firewood from everywhere.

— Bonner J. McAllester

Peter S. Vallianos
Attorney at Law
528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers, and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

***

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

RICHARD SHERIDAN
Seasonal Caretaking
Landscaping
CLEARING ROADS & BUILDING SITES
SNOWPLOWING & SANDING
LAWN MOWING
LAWN CARE
TREE WORK
PO Box 382, Monterey, MA 01245
(413) 528-5559

413-528-8279
1-800-750-0079
CAN DO ENTERPRISES
ODD JOBS PAINTING
WALLPAPERING STONEWORK
NO JOB TOO SMALL
FREE ESTIMATES
P.O. Box 713
Monterey, Mass. 01245
Gene Peters

Boiler Room Café
405 Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington, MA 01230
413 - 528-4280
Michèle Miller

TROMPE L'OEIL ARTISTS
ANDY MATLOW
LAUREL TEWES
MURALS
FAUX FINISHES
PAINTED FURNITURE
STAR ROUTE
MONTEREY, MA 01245
(413) 269-6030

VOXED*

Headstands

I have decided to frame and hang a certain door in my shop. The opening for this door got boarded over when I built the shop because there didn't seem to be time then for every last thing, and I knew I could live without it for a while. Well I've done that, and I have no more time or money now than I did then, so I will frame and hang the thing—now, why not? Who's to stop me?

I need a Sawzall, which I don't own, but will borrow from Leo, who makes harpsichords in a shop between the woodshed and kitchen of his farmhouse. It is five miles from my place, but I can think through the details while I drive.

You might not expect a maker of harpsichords to own a Sawzall, but Leo does. In the shop he uses clean-cutting chisels and saws to make brand new musical instruments, but around his old place he uses his Sawzall against the slow architectural sinking that goes on.

I don't see his truck outside, but he's in the shop, standing straight upside down on a folded furniture pad, with his hands clasped behind his head and his elbows on the floor, feet lightly touching the wall.

"You okay?"

"Sure. What's up?" he asks. Normal tone, inverted body.

"I came over to borrow the Sawzall."

"It's over there." He keeps his headstand a while longer, then gets up.

"What's that feel like?" I ask.

"Good. The least I can do for this tired sack of water is turn it upside down for a few minutes every day. There's no pain or skill involved, and I have this idea that it's good for my body. The blood, I suppose, the other fluids. Organs. But more than that, it just fits—the world, you know? The things that happen. I turn myself upside down every day as a sort of physical vaccine. I do headstands for protection."

"Hmm." I was looking around in the Sawzall case for the blade wrench. Broken and dulled blades are part of Sawzall work. "Is that yoga?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

"Personally, I think the world's enough. I don't want any reminders. Take the other night. Instead of driving to a meeting, I rode my bike. I'd had a really low grade working day, so I gave myself a break, and left in plenty of time. Breeze in my face, my thoughts moving out, then Bam! I'm down, thrown onto the gravel, ground to a stop after hitting a hole and wobbling for thirty nasty feet. I'm not broken but I'm *wounded*, you know what I mean? I *never* dumped my bike like that, even as a kid. Look." I show him the raspberry patch on my arm.

"That's bad, all right. Then again, it's nothing. Don't get me wrong, but you've got some bruises and road rash to carry a while, healing. Be grateful. It's like getting a certificate, token bodily evidence of the way life is. When the stuff happens around you, but not to you, then you're undocumented, know what I mean? I don't mean war, just the regular stuff—emotional trouble, divorce, illness, untimely death—what goes on all the time, right here in the privileged sector. Whenever it comes closer than names in the daily paper of people you don't know, you get shaky, right? Even though it's not you, your wife, or your kid. Am I right?"

I have to go. Leo is like this. He has a rap. I love him, rap and all, but I have to go. If there's one thing about finally digging into a job on the long list, it's completion. I can't leave the job half done for another period of years. There may actually be people who make capital improvements on a schedule, from savings, but I'm not one of them. There's pressure in this work.

I'm cradling the Sawzall like a soldier with a compact automatic weapon. This is guerilla carpentry: fast and clean, in and out. Still, I know what Leo's talking about. Who, even. It isn't politeness that slows me down: it's the real weight.

"I don't know, I stand on my head. What are you doing with the Sawzall?"

"Cutting a door in my shop." Short silence. "It was always planned to be there, and I need it, so today I'm doing it. What can I say?"

A shrug. "Hey."

A nearly completed harpsichord stands in the center of the shop, leaving little open floor space. I have built things of wood all my working life, and I'm not awed by Leo's craft, but I *am* awed by the life of what he makes, the life that begins when the woodwork ends. Music gives me chills.

"Remember I told you about the cat?" I say. "I guess he died alone. I don't know how to take it. When I brought him home from the vet, he never took up life in the shop again. He stuck around outside, but he wouldn't come in, or stay when I carried him in."

"What was wrong?"

"Some kind of infection. I'd call and hear him answer from his hiding places, where I fed him milk and antibiotics for a few weeks, but then he was gone. Later I smelled his death, but couldn't find the body anywhere. I wanted to bury him, at least."

"How *will* we die?"

"Unscheduled."

Neither of us speaks for a while. I feel a little under water. I'm here to borrow a tool and get on with a certain job, right? Maybe guys like us, who answer mostly to ourselves from day to day, following some inner clock, just can't be trusted.

"How does it sound?" I ask Leo, looking at the harpsichord.

He stands at the keyboard, then plays some Bach, music that I think is called the *Ave Maria*. The notes march lightly into the room and multiply, climbing and descending in order, cleaving time evenly. Once in a while I have to contend with unexpected tears, and suddenly I am leaking badly, spilling accumulated quotidian pain and confusion on the floor of my friend's shop while he mops it up with Bach without even looking. Through blurry eyes I fit the Sawzall back into its case.

Leo plays for several minutes, then stops,

*"Voice of the editor" is "vox ed." Here you have "voxed," one syllable, short "o." Listen to the sound for a clue to the difference in meaning, or attitude. The full, rounded sound of the first word in the term "vox ed" is followed by a clipped, decisive syllable as certain as the period that ends a sentence. "Voxed," by contrast, has a rising sibilant hiss snapped off by the final "t," which sits like a tight knot on the end of a short rope. People who are voxed cannot escape their condition, but they can enjoy it.

and the music dies away. The instrument is still naked, no hint as yet of the gold leaf and paint decoration it will wear going out the door. His maker's eye comes back into focus as he stands at the keyboard looking over the instrument.

I use my handkerchief, and Leo turns. "Uh oh." he says. "Salt."

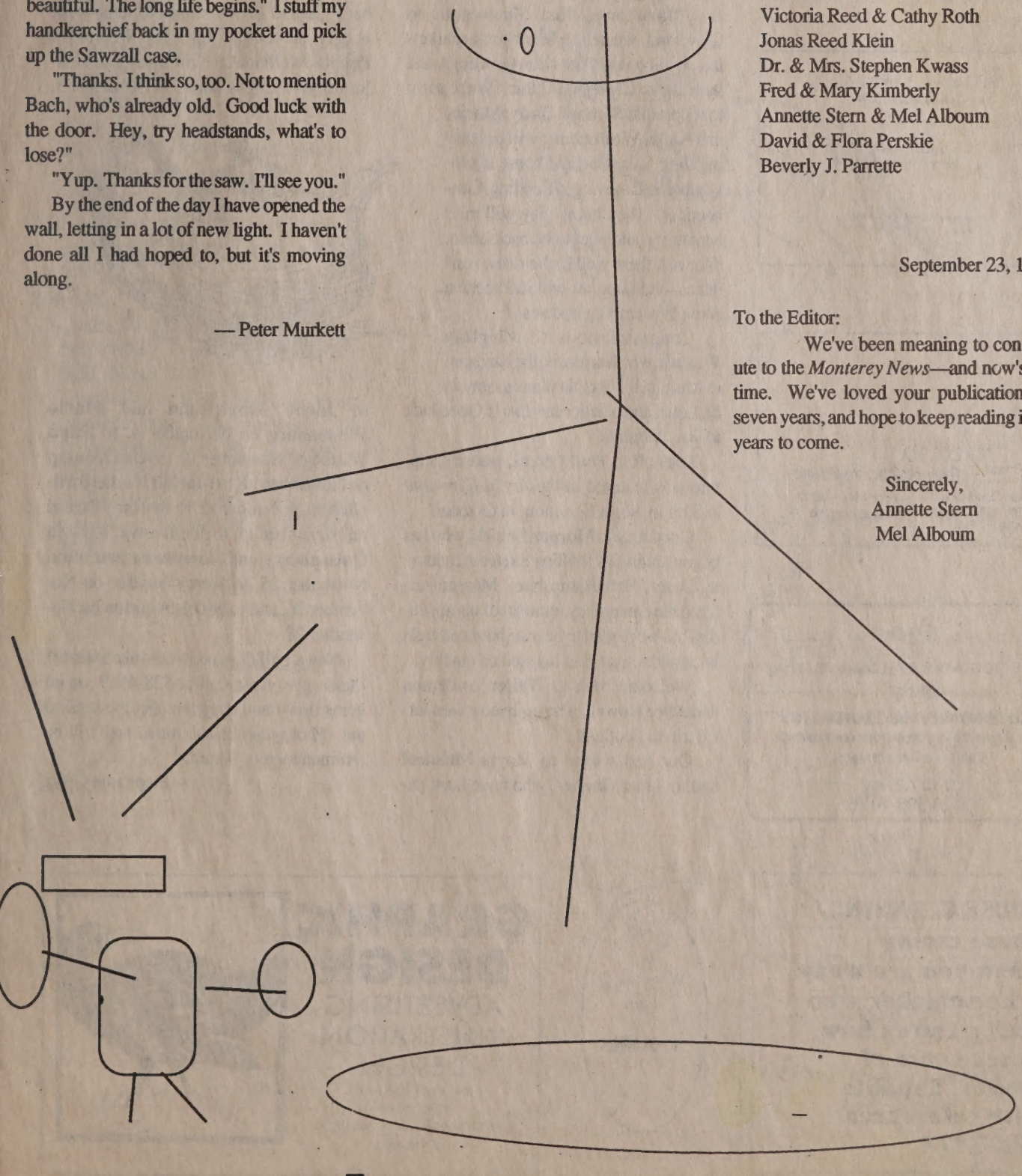
"Oh man," is all I can say. Then, "Sounds beautiful. The long life begins." I stuff my handkerchief back in my pocket and pick up the Sawzall case.

"Thanks. I think so, too. Not to mention Bach, who's already old. Good luck with the door. Hey, try headstands, what's to lose?"

"Yup. Thanks for the saw. I'll see you."

By the end of the day I have opened the wall, letting in a lot of new light. I haven't done all I had hoped to, but it's moving along.

— Peter Murkett



CONTRIBUTORS

We have received donations most recently from the following subscribers. Thanks!

Ruth Rosenblatt
Richard & Patricia Edelstein
David & Marian McClelland
Victoria Reed & Cathy Roth
Jonas Reed Klein
Dr. & Mrs. Stephen Kwass
Fred & Mary Kimberly
Annette Stern & Mel Alboum
David & Flora Perskie
Beverly J. Parrette

September 23, 1993

To the Editor:

We've been meaning to contribute to the *Monterey News*—and now's the time. We've loved your publication for seven years, and hope to keep reading it for years to come.

Sincerely,
Annette Stern
Mel Alboum

MASS. LIC. NO. E-34497
PHONE 413-528-5444
DAN ANDRUS
ELECTRICIAN
MAIN ROAD
MONTEREY, MA 01245
RESIDENTIAL & COMMERCIAL WIRING
PHONE — CABLE TV

STEFAN GROTZ
ATTORNEY AT LAW
312 MAIN STREET
GREAT BARRINGTON, MA 01230
PHONE (413) 528-4740
FAX (413) 528-9165

Ken Shiatsu
therapeutic massage
Lauren Cowdery
413-298-4296
Sandisfield, MA
member AOBTA
experienced

Avon
Have you seen an *Avon* catalog lately?
Order from home or work and have your order delivered to you at your convenience. Call for a free catalog.
Julie Kelley
(413) 528-6176

HOUSE CLEANING/ House caring when you are away. A homemaker who really knows how to take care of houses. Reliable with references. 528-3974

PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to **Eric Westenburg**, who has recently opened his "Naughty Dawg Saloon and Grill" (named for his new Dalmatian puppy Clyde) in Lake Tahoe, California. His sister **Kirsten** also made a big move with her husband, **Dr. Don Barnhorst**, from Minneapolis to Cleveland, where she has taken a marketing position with American Greetings, and he with the Cleveland Clinic. We're sorry to report that **Richard, Judy, Mario,** and **Nadia Westenburg** will be leaving their Lake Garfield home in November, and moving to Redding, Connecticut. They know they will miss Monterey, and plan to be back often. We wish them well in their new residence, and hope we will still receive some Westenburg updates!

Congratulations to **Virginia Wasiuk**, who has passed the bar exam in Missouri. Virginia plans to stay in St. Louis and practice law there. Good luck to you, Virginia!

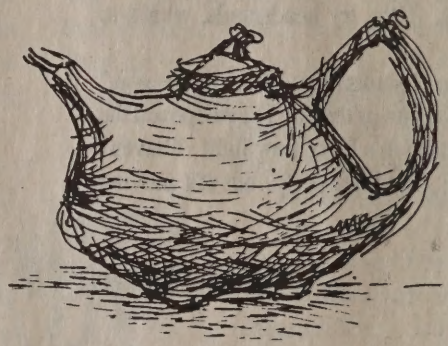
Hats off to **Paul Perces**, whose sculpture was featured in the *Art in Egremont* exhibit in North Egremont in October.

Good luck to **Morgan Schick**, who has begun studies at Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. Morgan suffered the emergency removal of his appendix, but we're glad to hear he bounced right back and returned to his studies quickly.

Welcome back to **Walter Anderson** and **Alice Howell**, who enjoyed a wonderful trip to Scotland.

Our best wishes to **Marta Meluleni** and to **Janet Garber**, who have been patients recently at Berkshire Medical Center in Pittsfield. We wish them both a speedy recovery.

Special happy birthday greetings to **Frances Brett** of Brett Road, who turned ninety-three on September 6. Five generations gathered for the occasion! Belated birthday wishes also to **Mabel Sheridan** on October 2, to **Karen Shreefter** on October 11, and to **Jill Amstead** on October 19. Happy November birthday wishes to **Patrick McBride** on November 1, to **Graham** and **Madigan Hines** on November 3,



to **Jacob Markwood** and **Mario Westenburg** on November 4, to **Edith Wilson** on November 10, to **Andi Dunlop** on November 11, to **Mariah Rutherford-Olds** on November 12, to **Brittany Piretti** on November 15, to **Jen Brown**, **Kirsten Quisenberry**, and **Florence Brown**, all on November 25, to **Kerry Snyder** on November 26, and to **Nicole Amidon** on November 28.

News, birthdays you would like to share? Please give me a call at 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me. Photos can be submitted and will be returned to you. Thanks!

— Stephanie Grotz

What am I?
I am
THANKS

GRAPHIC DESIGN
ADVERTISING
ILLUSTRATION
DESIGN
HARRYET CANDEE
SR 70, BOX 44
GREAT BARRINGTON, MA 01230
413-528-5628

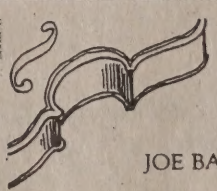
CALENDAR

Wednesday, November 10 Community Dinner, Monterey United Church of Christ Social Room, 6:30 p.m. Program of poetry reading arranged by Donna Burkhart. Information: 528-1564.

Saturday, November 13 Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass., 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults $5, children $2 to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Tuesday, November 16 Free blood pressure clinic, downstairs at Town Hall, 9-10:30 a.m.

Saturday, November 27 Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have some square or contradance experience. All dances taught by caller Joe baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission $5. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.



Stringed Instruments
Made ~ Repaired
Adjusted

JOE BAKER

HUNGER MOUNTAIN INSTRUMENTS
BOX 332, MONTEREY, MASS. 01245
(413) 528-9385

M S LEINING
ELECTRIC

ELECTRICAL
HEATING
A/C - REFRIG
WELL PUMPS

BOX 52
MONTEREY, MA
528-9635

Lic. #12396

WOMEN

Let's begin a book discussion group.
Call 258-4586

We have the best rates for you . . .

- Purchase or Refinance
- Financial Service Representative

The Mortgage Corner, Inc.

RICK MIELKE
Monterey • (413) 528-0864

the BOOKLOFT

New & Used Books • Fine Cards • Magazines

Mon - Sat 9:30-8:00 • Sun. noon-6:00
Barrington Plaza, Route 7, Gt. Barrington, MA 01230
413 528-1821
YOUR COMMUNITY BOOKSTORE SINCE 1971

Editor ..... Peter Murkett
Reporters ..... Maggie Leonard
David P. McAllester
Personal Notes ..... Stephanie Grotz
Business Manager ..... Barbara Gauthier
Circulation Manager ... Susan LePrevost
Mailing Labels ..... Gould Farm

We invite readers to submit news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. Editorial material must reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For detailed information, call the editor at 528-9937.

For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-4595.

To receive complete information regarding advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-9937.

No portion of the Monterey News may be reproduced without permission.

Contributions from local artists this month:
Joe Baker, p. 18; Sudi Baker, pp. 11, 12, 13, 23; Maureen Banner, pp. 4, 5, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 22; Pete Murkett, p. 10; Riley Murkett (with Apple Macintosh), p. 21; Anne O'Connor, pp. 7 and 23; Edith Wilson, pp. 3 and 4.

MONTEREY NEWS
UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST
MONTEREY, MA 01245

Address Correction Requested

Nonprofit Organization
U. S. Postage
PAID
Monterey, MA
Permit # 2

Joe Baker and Bonner McAllester
P.O.B. 332
Monterey, MA 01245